

## FAR ABOVE POLITICS.

In urging all good citizens to vote against the Ice-Trust Mayor for Judge, and against Croker's candidates for District-Attorney and Comptroller—Unger and Ladd—The Evening World is not departing from its rule to abstain from party politics, whether national or local.

The issues involved are far above the level of politics. They relate to the integrity and independence of the judiciary, to the honest and vigorous enforcement of the criminal law and to the safeguarding of the city treasury.

1. THE SEAT OF JUSTICE.—The Supreme Court is the highest seat of justice in our city. Shall it be occupied for fourteen years by Robert A. Van Wyck, who has, for reasons known to all the people, been declared by the Bar Association to be "CONSPICUOUSLY UNFIT for judicial office?"

2. THE SWORD OF JUSTICE.—The District-Attorney is

the hand and arm of the Law, wielding the Sword of Justice against all criminals. Shall this sword be entrusted to Jerome, the exposé and prosecutor of blackmailers, panders, swindling gamblers and corrupt policemen, or to Unger, their counsel?

3. THE KEY TO THE TREASURY.—The Comptroller holds the key to the city's money chest. Shall this key be entrusted to Grout, who has always been conspicuous as an enemy to corruption and extravagance and a fighter of bosses, or to Ladd, whose public record is that of Croker's clerk, Whalen's assistant, Van Wyck's adviser?

All these men are Democrats. Will honest Democrats vote for corruption's foes or for a Boss's tools and puppets? This is the main question before the people—the Mayoralty being safeguarded by the candidacy of two equally independent, honorable, able and upright citizens.

## SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

Devery says he hasn't any fear, which may be a bid for the Christian Science vote. Touchin' on and appertaining to which out in Ohio a local campaign has been conducted on Christian Science issues. The doctors published a manifesto against the "Science" candidate, but it recited against them, and the object of their ire bids fair to "win out." Religion and politics never did mix well in the land of the free, anyhow.

"Commentators say Adam only took to wearing clothes after his fall."

"What Carnegie did" is only equalled by what he is doing. Lucky Pittsburgh! Will it ask for an affidavit that it is the "best governed city in America?"

"You used to say I was one woman in a million."

"You are. And the rest of the million are just like you."

"Jerome and his gang are driving the merchants from this town. They are spreading ruin wherever they go," says Devery. So John Doe's fall collections are not so good as in former years. Perhaps this is the "reign of terror" that frightened the London Times correspondent.

"You say one of the freaks in your dime museum troupe refused to throw up his hands when the train-robbers attacked you? What was the hero's name?"

"He's our armless wonder."

Much of Capt. Goddard's success as a leader in the Twentieth Assembly District is due to the fact that he is a "good mixer." Capt. Goddard meets his constituents on equal terms, dances with their daughters and even mixes drinks for the boys on festive occasions. "He doesn't stand around like a cake of ice," says one of his admirers, and speaking of ice, that may be why Tammany has it in for him.

"What are you doing in evening dress? It's only 2 P. M."

"I know, but I've got to take a Harlem girl to the theatre in Brooklyn."

Next to the mammoth Twombly palm, the biggest thing in horticulture this fall is the growth of the Acorns. The forcing process which has transformed the handful of impecunious enthusiasts into a robust political organization with 10,000 members is one of the wonders of the campaign.

"Why are you always borrowing trouble?"

"It's the only thing I can borrow without giving any collateral."

Dr. Nicholas Senn, just back from a tour of the world, "pronounces Dr. Kitasato, of Tokio, one of the greatest medical men now living. Now, what has Dr. Kitasato done to deserve this praise? Is there any serum bearing his name, any lymph, or sex theory or microbe extirpator? Has he discovered any mark of degeneracy in the Emperor or recognized any sign of incipient paresis? Until we have further information about Dr. Kitasato we must continue to regard him as a prosaic old-school practitioner."

"See here, you advertise these weeds as 'Up-to-Date Cigars,' and not one of them will smoke."

"Well, if a smokeless cigar isn't up to date I don't know what is."

"Uncle Eb" Holden comes to town in his store clothes to spend some of the cash with which his wallet is well stuffed and incidentally to collect a little more in royalties from the theatre-going public. Uncle Eb is the most prosperous character that has come down the pike from bookland in many moons. Even David Harum looks up to him with respect. The book and play together will soon have earned their fortunate author \$100,000, with the distant echoes of the boom yet to be heard from.

"Why won't you marry me? You said I was a man after your own heart."

"So you are; but you haven't caught up with it yet."

At King Edward's coronation there will be two long rows of barons, two rows and a half of viscounts, three rows of earls, three and a half of marquises and four of dukes—a fine aggregation of "the push," with only one American representative, Edward Fairfax. The aristocracy is a British institution which we cannot "invade" and with which we cannot compete, though we may occasionally buy a Scotch castle or a moated grange just to indicate our possibilities in that line if permitted. But if a little spot in the King's throat grows larger all the magnificence will be in vain.

"I believe you married me for my money."

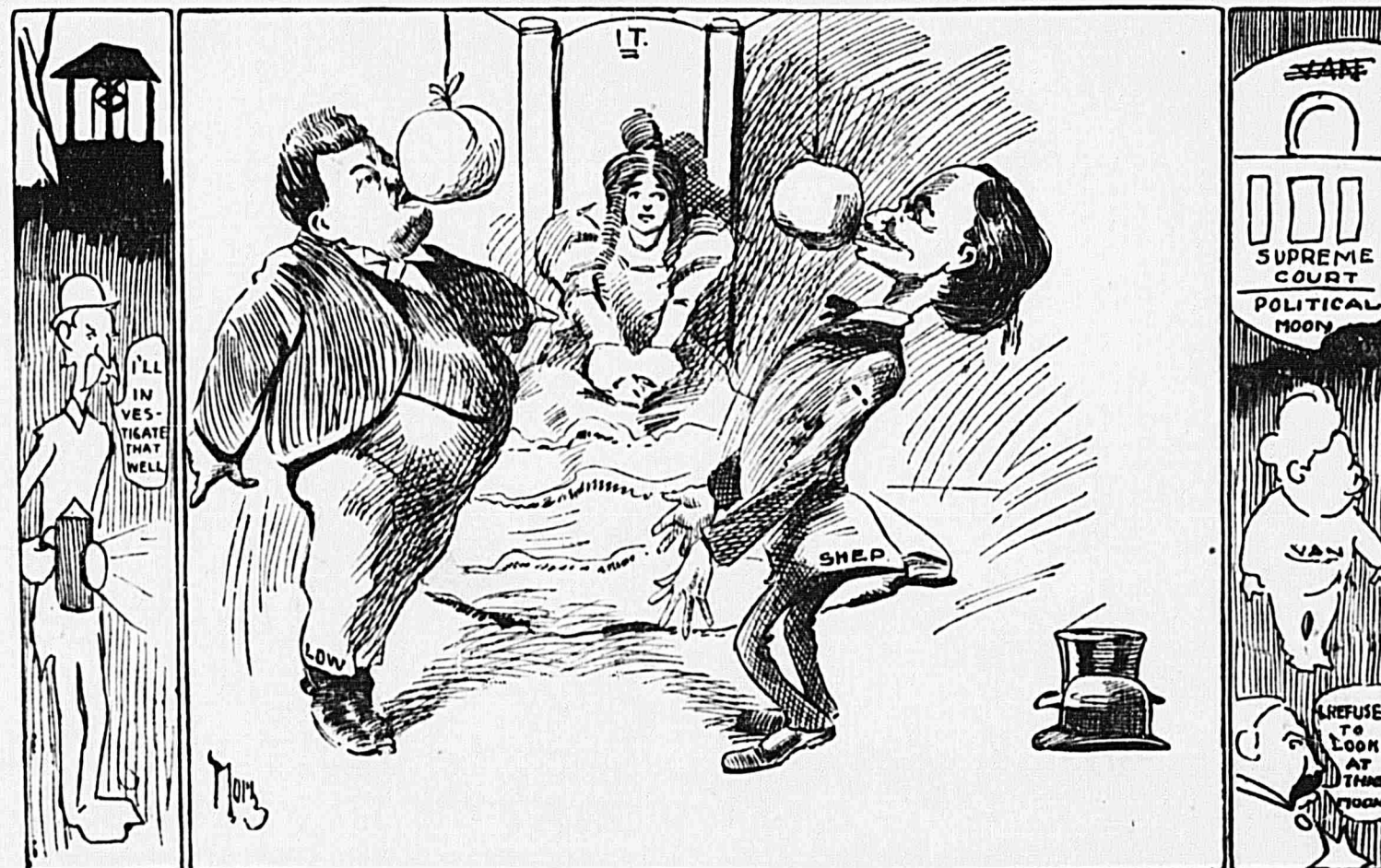
"If I did, I earned it all right."

A plot to murder Jerome? This Hallowe'en atmosphere is great for "seeing things."

It appears, on the authority of a Yale professor, that King Alfred was not considered great in his own time. Not until he had been dead for eight centuries was that title bestowed on him. A fine statue of Alfred, the best in existence, stands in the public square at Wantage, where "the squire" sees it every time he drives through the village on his way to the moated grange. It must arouse interesting reflections in him. Tim Sullivan's Assembly district contains nearly as many people as there were in all England in Alfred's day, and the annual revenue of the realm then would hardly have filled a "dough bag."

## HALLOWE'EN IN POLITICS.

By R. B. MORRISON.



This being the time of the year for peering into the future for advice and instruction, the artist represents the party candidates in such a role. An astrologer learns from the stars that Mr. Shepard is going to win by 83,000 votes, but perhaps Mr. Low is getting other information from the apple.

## HIS DOWNFALL.



Horace—Guess not! I jest hitch the critter to pippins! And old Short-sight can't catch me, neither!

Farmer Short-sight—I'll jest hitch the critter to one o' these sapplins while I pick a bushel or two of apples.

Horace—Help, help! Oh, "And, oh, why did I run I'm sorry I told m'a lie away from school last wicked things again, and this morning and I wish I week and tell teacher I anyhow, I'll never go apple stealin' on stilts!"

## THE REASON WHY.

When you see a man sympathizing with the under dog in the fight the chances are he has a bet on him.—Chicago News.

## WHEN FORGIVENESS COMES.

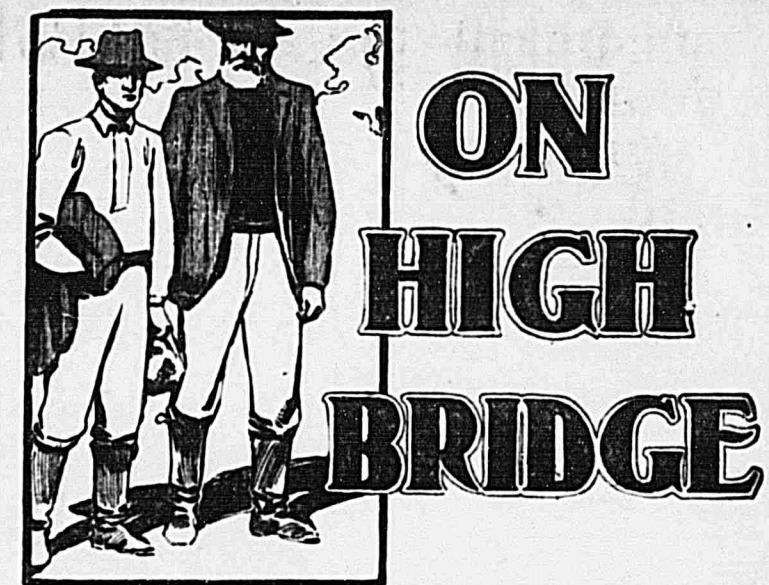
A woman seldom forgives until after she forgets.—Chicago News.

## THE FINISH.

Sometimes a fool man begins by paying a woman compliments and ends by paying her alimony.—Chicago News.

## A SUBSTITUTE.

Money may not buy happiness, but it is often capable of purchasing an acceptable substitute.—Chicago News.



## ON HIGH BRIDGE.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

W H Y, yes, John, I have loved another man."

"Do you love him yet?"

"Yes, John—Oh! Isn't that a lovely little farm, down there?"

"Very."

"I know a story about that farm."

"Tell it."

"Once on a time," Jane began, smiling.

"That's original. Go ahead."

"Well, to be more definite, about fifty years ago, a man lived there. This man managed to eke out a tolerable existence for himself and wife, and a girl and a boy that had come to them in the cabin home."

"The oldest of the towheads was Tom, the boy, though the girl was somewhat of a tomboy herself."

"Tom learned from his mother's lips of the exaltation that men often reach by the ladder of books."

"Tom learned," the girl continued, "that in New Orleans was just as good a market for beans as in Boston, and—the river ran that way."

"He laid his plan before his father, the farmer, gave the boy the exclusive use of an acre and in due course of time a good-sized flatboat, freighted with beans, was cut loose from down there, and, manned by Tom and a neighbor who 'knew the river' to Louisville, the craft floated away."

"One day the boat lay alongside the levee at New Orleans. A prodigious dealer came to inspect the cargo, willing to pay a good price for it, and Tom was elated. But the dealer found that neither Tom nor his friend had learned to take care of beans en route. These had become damp and had moulded and swelled, and were worthless."

"Tom and his friend walked back. It was a weary trudge of twelve hundred miles. Tom's friend went on home and

Tom trudged to Danville, the seat of Centre College. Here he called on Dr. Young, the reverend and learned president of that institution, and told him that he wanted to go to college, but had no money. He also told of the beans.

"I'll give you a note to a friend of mine," the president solemnly said.

"Gov. Sherburne was a reader of even young character. The interview between Tom and this elderly gentleman ended with the brusque statement from the ex-Governor that this house should be Tom's home temporarily, at least, but that Tom must work to pay his board."

"Tom's remarkable progress in college excited comment, and some were curious to learn who the brilliant stranger was."

"One spoke of his father's sugar plantation on Bayou La Fourche; another mentioned casually the number of bales of cotton that were grown on his home place in Southern Georgia, and yet another was particularly anxious about his father's re-election to the Senate from Tennessee."

"When the evidence was all in Tom's favor, the president said:

"My father, Enos Stewart, has a little farm down on the Kentucky River, where he works hard to support his family, and he's about the poorest man in this State who pays taxes at all. But I can whip any man on earth who doesn't like it."

"They all seemed to like it. At any rate no objection was raised."

"Tom and his father's name was Stewart? Why, that makes Tom Stewart—Silver-Tongued Tom Stewart, the most brilliant lawyer and orator in the State. Why, that's your father, Jane."

"Yes, sir, and that's the man I loved before I did you, and God bless his dear soul, I love him yet!"



## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

## The Mover's Wall.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I used to laugh at the saying "Three moves are equal to a fire." But on moving the other day I found it true. There is no way that moving from flat to flat may be accomplished without damage to furniture, smashing and loss of bric-a-brac, hideous expense and supreme discomfort. Surely in this age of progress the moving problem should have been better solved before now.

VICTIM.

## One Thousand Millions.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please inform me how many millions make a billion.

W. A.

## As to College Educations.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a college graduate. I had a college education in order that I might better the family fortunes. My brother, a year younger than I, went to work at fifteen. He is now twenty-four. I am twenty-five. He makes \$25 a week. I make \$12. In view of this, will some kindly tell me if I was wise or a fool to go to college? Also, if a college education is a good thing for a poor man's son?

A. G. SPERRY, A. B.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can a child born in the United States whose father is not a citizen vote when he becomes of age, without any papers?

O. A. G.

## What Shall Harvey Do?

To the Editor of The Evening World: There is a lady who seems to love me, but who treats me very queerly. She promises to call me up on the 'phone and tell me when I could call, but she failed to. The next day she wrote me a note saying she had been too busy to do so. Now, was this nice of her? Isn't it a sign she's getting tired of me? I always told her she would, and she used to deny it. But I believe it's true. Will readers advise me how to act? Shall I be wroth and cross or overlook it? She is very pretty.

HARVEY P. R.

## FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this Norfolk jacket, with applied plaits, in medium size, 13 years, 30 inches wide, 23-3/4 yards 44 inches wide.



or 2 yards 50 inches wide will be required.

The pattern No. 2,964 (sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Candler, The World, Pullster Building, New York City."



## A SMOKELESS ARGUMENT.

SCENE—A small room, a cozy fire, two chairs near together. In one chair a man. In the other chair a woman, thinking, says the Syracuse Post-Standard.

She speaks: George, we need a new carpet for the dining-room.

He—M'h'm.

She—You ought to have a new frock coat.

He—Yesum.

She—You don't seem very enthusiastic over my suggestions.

He—I am enthusiastic, dear, but I try not to be foolishly optimistic. As to the frock coat, I think I present a pretty warm appearance in the clothes I have on.

She—Why, they are two years old. Everybody knows you in them.

He—Well, I'm no Pat Crowe. I've no reason to desire a disguise.

A pause. He puffs a cigar with an air of great contentment.

She—George, is that a good cigar?

He—Not very. Good enough, though. Three-fr-a-quarr.

She—How many have you smoked to-day?

He—Three. And two pipes. Sunday, no pipes and four cigars.

A long silence.

She—(explosively, with an air of triumph)—It costs you a hundred dollars a year.

He—(startled)—What does?

She—Tobacco does. In twenty years, if you didn't smoke, you'd have two thousand dollars, without counting interest.

He—My, that's so! You're an arithmetical prodigy, my dear. But old Jenkins hasn't smoked for sixty years and he hasn't got thirty cents.

She—(With delicate sarcasm)—How logical men are, aren't they, dear? So much more so than women!

He—Being logical outside of business hours is a luxury I've managed to dispense with.

She—Well, if you can't be logical, I can, and there's no logic in smoking when you don't need to and when you need new clothes and can't afford them.

He—No logic, dear, but an awful lot of comfort. Did you ever hear of Byron's famous ode:

Sublime tobacco, that from west to east,  
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turkman's rest?

Let me tell you what happened during the Santiago campaign. Our soldiers were in the trenches on top of that hill, you know. They hadn't a bit of tobacco among 'em, not even a chew, and they were wet and cold and down on their luck. They believed Spain was going to win.

What do you think happened on the fourth day, on a commissary wagon threw off a box of tobacco by mistake, thinking it was a box of that Eagan beef. Everybody smoked up. One man was writing his will. When he had smoked for half an hour he tore up his will and wrote a letter to his sweetheart. Matthews was there and he says he never saw such a change in his life.

However, that's not the only tobacco poetry I know. Here's another:

Tobacco is a filthy weed,  
And from the devil came the seed;  
It soils your pockets, spoils your clothes,  
And makes a chimney of your nose.

She—Proceed, do!

He—Thank you, dear. I now come to the evil results of tobacco. Tobacco contains nicotine, a violent poison, so violent that it is said that a drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man.

She—How could it, you goose?

He—I'm sure I don't know, but I saw in the paper the other day where a league of Frenchmen formed to stamp out the use of tobacco.

She—I didn't think Frenchmen used tobacco.

He—They don't. They smoke cigarettes. Well, this league, as I was saying, performed some experiments. They inoculated three rabbits and a rat with a mild solution of nicotine. What do you think happened?

She—Go on, silly!

He—Well, the moral character of those animals fell off frightfully. It was something fierce. Their Sunday-school attendance became irregular and their families were neglected. The paper says that anybody who keeps a rabbit can verify this statement if the rabbit smokes.

She—Sh-h-h! That's the door bell. Why, it's Mr. Matthews! Do come up by the fire, Mr. Matthews, and take that Morris chair. George, give Mr. Matthews a cigar. I do so like to see men contented!

NOISE OF ANIMALS.

THE roar of a lion can be heard further than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the cry of a hyena and then the boot of the owl; after these the panther and the jackal. The donkey can be heard fifty times further than the horse.

Strange as it may seem, the cry of a hare can be heard further than that of either the cat or the dog.

Suited His Flock.

The Colonel—You only have to preach one sermon on Sunday, Uncle Micajah! I should think your congregation would insist on an evening sermon, too.

Parson Micajah—Dat's 'cis de con- gregation has here me preach, Gussel, at de saint—Chicago Tribune.



## JUST FOR THE MOMENT.

## REALISM.



## MRS. ROOSEVELT'S SPICE CAKE.

This recipe was contributed to the "cooking department" of a Kansas newspaper by Mrs. Roosevelt last summer: One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, four eggs, four cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful ground cinnamon, half teaspoonful nutmeg.

## THE "AMATEUR CHAUFFEUR."

One more enthusiast covered with dust; See him go zipping past—"Get there or bust!" Look at the face on him; One might suppose Old Nick was chasin' him On as he goes.

Look at the goggles he Wears as he zips; See how he joggles; he Sways and he flips Round the sharp corners and Sooms all his soomers and Jingles and jumps. Knocking dogs silly And keeps on till he Runs down or else bumps.

Has he a father? Has he a mother? Has he a sister? Has he a brother? If so, why don't they do Something to bring him to See what a donkey he Is, what a monkey he Looks like up there On that old rattle-trap, Spitting the air?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A STOCK PHRASE.

He threw a leg over his trusty steed.

YOUR CHANCE OF LIFE.

From 70 deaths in 100,000 between the tenth and eleventh years, the death drop to the lowest figure at 25 years, when out of 100,000 remaining only 713 die in a year. At 30 years only 720 of the 55,441 die, with nearly thirty-six more years of life in prospect. At 40 years old 78,106 of the original 100,000 will be left, but the deaths will be 765 in a year, increasing rapidly from that age until the maximum number of deaths in a twelvemonth is reached at 71 years; then out of the 31,213 persons left 2,506 will die, leaving the chance of life for the others at 71 years. At 95 years old there will be only three of the original 100,000 living.

## A MATHEMATICAL MARVEL.

This is the mental feat that was accomplished by Arthur Griffith, the Indiana mathematical prodigy, recently. Griffith is faster in his addition than the machines used in banks and counting-rooms. In an actual test in which the

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